THE CRISIS.

NUMBER LXXIII. *To be continued Weekly,*

DURING THE PRESENT BLOODY CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

SATURDAY, June 8, 1776, [Price Two-pence Halfpenny.

To the Inhabitants of this once flouriſhing Nation.

Friends and Fellow Subjects.

NAKEDNESS, poverty, and every ſpecies of Miſery which human nature can experience, muſt ſoon be the wretched fate of millions of induſtrious ſubjects in this country, if ſpeedy means cannot be deviſed of driving from the preſence of the *Grand Seignor* a ſet of the greateſt miſcreants that ever diſgraced the annals of any country. The two principal traitors are of northern extraction; the one at the head of a great law department: the other of the accurſed Stuart line---both titled ſcoundrels. May thoſe traitors be the firſt victims of a long abuſed nation's vengeance: In this prayer all honeſt men moſt fervently unite.

The wicked miniſters of the *Grand Seignor* muſt be removed from his preſence and councils for ever, or peace and plenty will never more viſit your humble manſions: poverty will not only be yours but poſteritys miſerable lot, if you ſhrink from the call of your injured country.

The

The enemies of public liberty, and the diſpoilers of your property, are placemen, penſioners, dependants on the court, and a numerous train of ſcotch jacobite agents, and a bloody minded miniſtry, who to encreaſe our diſtreſs at home, have bought up many thouſand head of catle in the country, and are ſtill contracting for more to export, not only for the maintenance of our own ſoldiers, but a large army of foreigners, who are hired to cut the throats of our own brethren in America, which will raiſe the price of meat and other neceſſaries (already very dear) too high for us to purchaſe. If they proſecute this war which they intend, our taxes will be increaſed, and our manufactures, Trade and commerce ruined. Beſides if they conquer America, we ſhall and well deſerve to be enſlaved at home. We are therefore too deeply concerned, to remain ſilent and inactive. A winter is approaching, in which many of us will remain unemployed, and ourſelves, wives and children ſtarving, without money in the midſt of riches, and without food in a land of plenty. Then ſeeing the dreadful calamities which threaten us; though the miniſtry have deprived us of our rights and liberties yet if we have any ſpirit of Engliſhmen left, we ſhall never patiently ſubmit to be ſtarved to death.

Let us therefore endeavour to ſave ourſelves and families from famine and ruin, which muſt come upon us if the miniſters effect their wicked intentions againſt trade, commerce, and America; call to mind all your former exertions, againſt the oppreſſions of wicked and unjuſt taſk-maſters. Dare to be FREE and you will be ſo. God will ſanctify the deſigns of good men in all ſtations, he has no reſpect to perſons, but loves and will aſſiſt all his creatures, high and low, poor as well as rich, and though the miniſters are ſending your food out of the land, let us ſhew we are determined not to be ſtarved, or ſee our wives and children periſh miſerably before our eyes.

No BRIBERY and CORRUPTION,
No impriſoument of Engliſhmen without trial, conviction or ſentence.
No Ex Officio informations.
No tampering with juries.
No attorneys to be at once party, accuſer, judge and jury.

In

In this country, where obedience only to the laws, which each individual has a ſhare in aſſenting to, forms the idea of ſubordination, how can we account for the conduct of him, who appointed to put thoſe laws in execution, in *actions redicules them*, and in words diſavows ſubjection to them; who pleaſed with the bauble of prerogative, thinks himſelf born to command, not to obey; who frowns upon his friends and cheriſhes his enemies; who laughs reaſon to ſcorn, and piques himſelf on making folly faſhionable: and waſting his time in amuſements, diſgraceful even to human weakneſs.

If our ſovereign, were the unhappy being here depictured, what anguiſh of mind would not ſenſibility force him to ſuffer; yet, in this portrait we ſee every lineament, every feature of his life and conduct and can trace in him, no marks of ſorrow, no ſigns of remorſe, no eagerneſs for reformation. He ſtill treads the ſame *dull, unmeaning*, round of pleaſure, and armed with the ſword of obſtinacy, exerciſes it only in repelling the entry of prudence into the vacuity of his underſtanding. Folly, in an amiable dreſs, attracted effection to his father, clad in all the horrors of wilful ignorance and unſociableneſs, to him it has inſured univerſal hatred.

Declamation alone, I am an enemy to; let us then proceed to particulars; and if my labour, labour I can juſtly call it, when beſtowed on ſo undeſerving an object, is crowned with the ſmalleſt ſucceſs, I ſhall not think my time miſpent.

His father was a man remarkable for what is termed good nature. Harmleſs as the dove, he travelled through life, and made his eſcape to the other world. without laying a foundation for ſcandal to defame his character, or praiſe to extol it. With a taſte neither rude nor refined, his amuſement gave employment to the mechanic, and his generoſity, pleaſure and contentment to all around him, his heart felt for the widow and fatherleſs, and his liberality, though not applied with all the propriety imaginable, was ſeldom heaped on the moſt unworthy of the creation. Mean œconomy never diſgraced his board and though his pecuniary wants were frequent, yet the public ſupplied them without grudging them, knowing that they only took their money out of their pocket, and put it in anothers, and that what they gave would in a trifling ſpace of time return among them. With

patience

patience and complacency he liſtened to the requeſts or complaints of the meaneſt of his fellow ſubjects; with affibility he anſwered them; and if he did not ſerve or relieve every petitioner, he gave all kind words and pleaſant looks. He was a faithful huſband, as far as the warmth of his conſtitution would admit; a loving and tender father, and a good friend.

In which act of life hath he imitated what in his father was praiſe worthy? I believe we may wait for Syrus's reigning in the month of March before this queſtion can be anſwered. From his very childhood he betrayed a tincture of pride unqualified by decency; for in the moſt exalted walk of life, pride, without that qualification, is burthenſome to the breaſt that harbours it, and diſagreeable to all who feel its effects. Without a genius equal to the weight, he pored over folios, and by the moſt ſtudious application, acquired a knowledged as quickly ſhook off as it was ſlowly gained.

The good Biſhop, who was entruſted with the care of his education often regretted the hardſhip of his employment. He knew the ſmall ſhare of credit that would accrue to him from the indocility of his pupil. He ſaw paſſions deſtructive of quiet riſing into muturity, and mourned the fatal conſequences that would unavoidably enſue from them. Anger and revenge, his good ſenſe told him, were incompatiable with royalty, would deform the moſt amiable diſpoſition, and render abortive all his leſſons of humility and benevolence. Yet his ardent affection for him and his family, determined him to withſtand, if poſſible, the ſwelling torent, and choak up, if not totally eradicate by his precepts, the weeds that oppoſed the cultivation of his mind.

An unforeſeen event blaſted all his hopes, and removed from his perſon a faithful ſervant and learned inſtructor. His mother for reaſons to herſelf beſt known, did him an injury which he now ſeems not to feel a ſenſe of, yet may rue when irreparable.

An upright Scot, ſprung from a very honeſt and opulent family, made him unread the leſſons of his predeceſſor, and with ſavage avidity, wormed out of his youthful breaſt every ſentiment which he had

had with Herculean force laboured to implant, and which might have prevented his natural diſpoſition making him miſerable.

It is inherent in man to imbibe with facility what is pleaſing to them in preference to that which they have no taſte for. Under Lord Bute's tuition his underſtanding became of a ſudden illuminated and the doctrines he inſtructed him in took immediate root, and have ever ſince flouriſhed in the generous ſoil.

To this Scotchman and his mother's cheriſhing care, conjoined with his own inclinations, he owes his preſent happy ſituation. Permitted when a boy, to tyrannize over his domeſtics, he carried the ſame ſpirit with him to that ſeat which blind fortune elevated his family to. Inſpired by his tutor with an affection for arbitrary and deſpotic power, he became its firſt victim by ſuffering Lord Bute to hold his mind in ſubjection intolerable to thought. Conceiving a high opinion of *jus divinum* of rulers, he unfortunately fell in the ſnare, and now walks with as much ſelf importance, as much content in the tramels of ſlavery, as if he had been born in *ſcotch coal mine*. Paſſive obedience and non-reſiſtance were pleaſing ideas to a weak mind, and to believe that he could not be free except he ruled over ſlaves, can be aſcribed only to his narrowneſs of ſentiment.

When the news of his grandfathers death was brought him, he received it with an indecent joy, and ſeemed to think that the moment which gave him the means of becoming rediculous in the eyes of all Europe, was the happieſt in his life.

His firſt act of power preſents us a ſpecimen of the ſpirit of contradiction that reigned within him, or of his not knowing how to think. He inſtantly baniſhed from his preſence every man who was eſteemed for his integrity of life, love to his ſubjects, and affection to his family. In their room took thoſe whoſe vices had made them conſpicuous, who without the leaſt ſpark of honour, cared not by what means they procured riches and promotion, and are better adapted for farmers general to the Grand Monarch, than to guide the councils of, and diſcharge the truſt repoſed in them by a king of a free people. Thoſe men he ſtill continues particularly to countenance, and in every ſcene of iniquity that they have been concerned in, has, by his not expreſſing

expreſſing a diſapprobation of it, been by him tacitly applauded, the magiſtrates and citizens of the firſt city in the world, he, as a mark of contempt to his predeceſſors for treating them with the neceſſary compliments becoming politeneſs, turns his back on while he claſps in his arms the very man they complain of; and hugs himſelf in the thought of having ſhewed ſo great a ſpirit.

As every action of his life diſcovers his unfitneſs to govern, and as the miſconduct, and villainy of his miniſters, or thoſe people he calls his fricnds, threatens him with a cataſtrophe, dreadful even in thought: it would be better he would reſign the reigns which trembles in his hands; or adviſe with thoſe he takes to be his enemies'; but who are his real friends, about the method to preſerve and guide them.

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